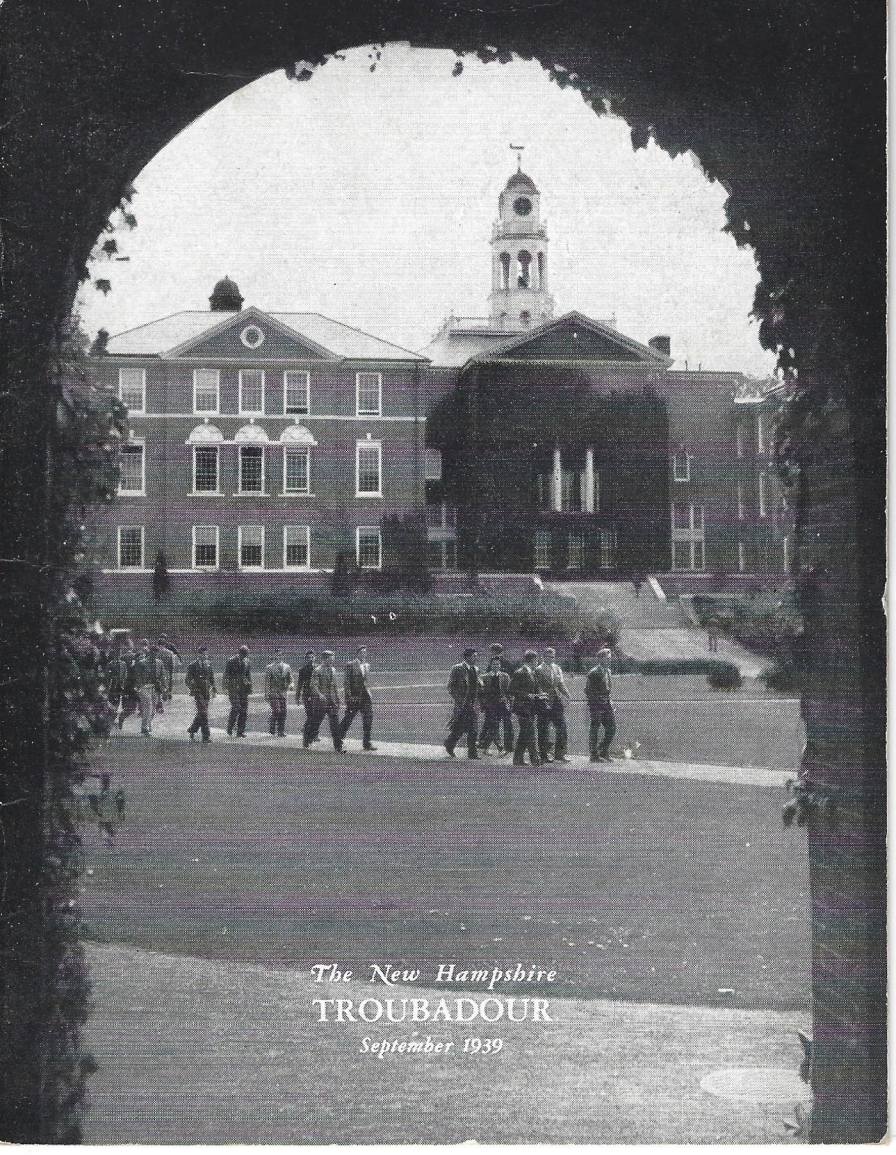


The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

September 1939

A. M. HEATH

Swimming pool and bath house at Moose Brook State Park, Gorham. The peaks are Madison and Adams of the Presidential Range.

The New Hampshire Troubadour

comes to you every month, singing the praises of New Hampshire, a state whose beauty and opportunities should tempt you to come and share those good things that make life here so delightful. It is sent to you by the State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, New Hampshire

Donald Tuttle, Editor

VOL. IX SEPTEMBER, 1939 NO. 6

Autumn In the Mountains

By Arthur S. Harris, Jr.

For most people who know and love the White Mountains, autumn, with its clear, cool, crisp days, is not only the most beautiful time of the year, but one ideally suited to mountain climbing. The invigorating days hold much in store, as the blistering hot hazy summer days have gone, the trails are in good shape and are comparatively free of people, and the Appalachian Mountain Club Huts, some of which often remain open until late in September, are less crowded.

Magnificent views unmarred by haze are obtained, especially in the Presidential Range. Perhaps one of the most easily accessible yet impressive mountains in this range is Mount Monroe, a mere ten minutes climb from the Lakes of the Clouds A.M.C. Hut at 5000 feet in the col between Mount Washington and Mount Monroe.

Let's imagine that we have driven up to the Base Station of the Mt. Washington Railroad on a Saturday in September. We ascend via the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail to the hut in time for supper and a game of horseshoes afterwards. As the stakes become hardly visible, and as the clinking of the shoes ceases, night, a silent mantle, slips over us, covering the mountain tops in gray and sheer garments. Over all a peace pervades that excludes all other sounds save small still voices of the brook starting its long journey down the Ammonoosuc Ravine and, eventually, to the sea far beyond. Off, down in the valley, after the last red of the setting sun has gone, lights begin to snap on, and as the intensity of the night increases, so does the twinkle of the lights marking the little towns which nestle below.

As is rather common at the hut, we awake at 6:30 the next morning to find ourselves completely enveloped in misty clouds, but even before we have completed our breakfast, we are able to see patches of blue sky to the South.

After breakfast we closely follow the cairns, as neither the hut nor our destination is visible, in ascending Mount Monroe. As we climb, the clouds are sweeping past us, rushed by a mad fury of wind. As we reach the highest peak of the mountain, we stand amazed as we behold before us God's world spread out at our feet. We glance first of all to the South, where it is now clear, and see, before us, the foliage way down deep in wild Oakes Gulf, seemingly a few rods below us. Further South, stands out the Sandwich Range, and even the Squam Range. Mount Chocorua, the most picturesque mountain in New Hampshire, stands proudly, silently, as a gateway to the White Hills. To the West we can see far into the Franconia Region. Low cumulus clouds lie floating like bales of cotton at about 3000 feet and above them, a deathlike black, piercing the heavens, is the apex of Mt. Lafayette.

Now and then a cloud scrapes over the top of Mount Monroe again enveloping us completely in a white penetrating mist.

RUSSELL L. HERBICEK

The A. M. C. Lakes of the Clouds hut in late afternoon. The slope of Monroe at left.

And now as we look in the direction of the gorgeous valleys which we have just seen, we see nothing, only empty whiteness. As we look above, we see the same. Thus, in our reverie, we realize that when the clouds below roll on, they will reveal to us fertile valleys and wild still gulfs and ravines. So too do we realize that, at death, the clouds, the nothingness above us, will also open up to permit us to enter and behold an even more beautiful scene.

The wind pushing the fog whistles past, and the short grass points stubbornly to the South. The clouds sweep in our face,

Here are the New Hampshire Mountaineers, a group of White Mountains addicts who live in and around New York City. Five of the men are ex-hutmasters of the Appalachian Mountain Club. (Theme Picture by Talbot Johns, appeared in August 1938 Troubadour.)

make our hands moist. Now the cloud has passed again, so we gaze off again, this time to the North, where, humping one over the other, are the other peaks, Clay and Jefferson. Right at our very feet lie the two lakes at the hut. How small they look! Yet compared with the glistening tarns adjacent to the Crawford Path, they seem, with imagination, to be much larger. When the wind blows, little streaks of light dart from one shore to another. Now as we descend Mt. Monroe, we wish that all lovers of the mountains might be with us to fully appreciate their splendor and picturesque harmony at this, the ideal time of the year for lovers of rugged mountain beauty.

Hank Finds Out It All Depends

DERE EDITOR OF THE CARROLL COUNTY INDEPENDENT:

I was stopping to read the meter at a certain summer home last week and the man of the house, what I have knowed on and off for 20 years was home all alone and Mamma and the growed up children and the grandchildren and the maids had awl went to the afternoon movies and he was setting in his little private awfice punching an adding machine and swearing suthing fearful.

Just as I got ready to go he picked up his check book, what he had been figuring on, and swore sum more, and heaved it across the room and jumped up and down and yells "What is this country coming to?" I told him that I didn't have no idea. He give a sort of snort and yells, "Well I can tell you! It's going straight to pieces and INFERNAL RUIN!" Then he swore sum more and picked up his check book and says "Think of that Hank Yeaton — think of that! I work from dawn to dark and from dark till midnight and awl I got is a lousy, little, good for nothing seventeen thousand dollars on my checking account." I started to tell him that he was well off and that I didn't even have seventeen dollars. But then I thought better of it, when I stopped to think that he kept tew mills running down country, and that he paid an awful tax bill, and that he supported three no-account sons-in-laws and kept them off the PWA and that he give year round work to the heads of four famblies at his summer place, and that he was putting his two youngest children, what was boys, through college, and that if it want for him the church in this town where he had his summer home, would have to fold up with a sudden swish, and that probably considering what he was doing every day, and awl the

HAROLD ORNE

Squam Lake, dotted with islands and surrounded by high forested hills and mountains, presents a magnificent picture of lake and mountain scenery. It is second only to Winnipesaukee in size.

mouths he was keeping fed, why seventeen thousand dollars didn't add up very high with him and that he really was poor and down trodden and depressed.

Then I left his place and I went down the road a piece and I stopped at anuther place to read the meter, only this place want no big summer home, it was a wun room camp and when I say wun room camp, that is what I mean. The building set on sum old railroad ties what was pretty well rotted and the stove pipe what stuck out through wun window pane was well rusted out and the front door hung by wun hinge.

I stopped and read the meter and then passed the time of day with the owner. He was setting on an old box whittling. I ast him how things was. He said they was wunderful. He had just got paid for two weeks work and he had enuff munney to put concrete posts under his camp and put up a tile chimney and buy a new door hinge. He had just paid up his grocery bill and he had enough money left over to buy his next week's groceries and tobacco and sum beer on Saturday night and his Sunday paper and go to the movies on Friday. He said that things was looking up and if business kept improving with him the way it had, he didn't know but what he might blow himself to a new pair of pants.

And that's the way things go. It's all what you been raised to and are used to. Wun feller aint got but seventeen thousand dollars in the bank and is ready to shoot hisself and the next feller down the road is happy because he may get enough ahead to buy hisself a new pair of pants.

I was setting in Campbell's philling stashun in Center Ossipee wun day, eating me a hot dog and they was two other fellers in there too. Wun was this Sergeant of State Perlice Ernie Swift and the other feller was a uniformed truck driver what I didn't know. Ernie and the truck driver was tawking real clubby, and the truck driver tells Ernie he wouldn't have Ernie's job for love nor money — too dangerous, chasing speeders and drunks and crooks and hen theives and never knowing when a feller is going to take a whack at you with a dubble barled sawed-off shotgun loaded with buck shot and shingle nails.

Ernie allows being a Sergeant of State Perlice aint a bed of roses awl the time, and then asts this feller what his job is, that makes it so nice and attractive. The feller points out the winder and points to a big brite red truck what says "HIGH EXPLOSIVES — KEEP AWAY — DANGER OF DEATH." The feller says he had three tons of dynamite on board and that he likes to drive dynamite on account the pay is high and nobody

WINSTON POTE

Mt. Adams and King Ravine across the new swimming pool at Randolph. The pool is near the Ravine House, is about 300 feet long and 200 feet wide and Moose Brook flows through it.

don't crowd you on the road and you don't never have but wun accident.

Me and Ernie swallered hard and paid our checks and sort of tip-toed out of the place and didn't slam the door as we went, neither. I didn't draw a deep breath till I was about five miles from there.

Yes, its awl what you're raised to, I guess, that makes life happy or pretty tough.

Me, I'm feeling good.

Sincerely,

HANK

"If It's the Dog-Drawer You Want"

By PING FERRY

THROUGH his studio window the purple-green Mink Hills sweep calmly into the horizon. The studio walls are bright with extempore studies of the volatile canine temperament, pastels, black-and-white, oils. A quartette of dogs yip expectantly from barn and converted henhouse as he steps out upon his second-floor piazza to view the leafy backdrop of the old colonial house.

All of which describes the habitat of George A. Brower, Jr., artist and apostle of the good life in New Hampshire. Mr. Brower is 28, wears a grin and chalk-flecked trousers with equal ease over a spare frame, and finds the unalloyed sunshine and dustproofed air of his home high above the Contoocook river an antidote for superfluous estheticism.

As far as that goes, Mr. Brower has every right to speak of esthetics with some authority, even with superfluity. By his own admission he has been an artist since he was five, albeit a trifle "unformed" at that time. But seven years of study in leading metropolitan schools left him a finished portraitist, if there is any such thing. A trifle sheepishly he will confess that the charm of sizeable commissions and the heralded glamour of Hollywood and adjacent points drew him for a few ill-advised years to the West Coast.

But when his father, a prominent automobile official, discovered surcease from the travail of depression in the Contoocook hills, George Jr. took Robert Frost's advice and came along too. This was several years ago, long enough to allow the artist to claim the Granite State as his own, his native land.

It is not too much to say that the serenity Mr. Brower encountered here has altered slightly the course of his artistic life.

T. C. ELLIS

This painting, "Bets' Boy and Lexington Jake" by George Brower, Jr., of Contoocook, New Hampshire, was included in a recent one-man show at the State Library, Concord.

Where once children absorbed most of Mr. Brower's professional attention, dogs are now his prime love. This transition is rather difficult to explain. The presence of many dogs — "generally about four" — around his home, plus an affinity of mercurial temperament between children and dogs, seems to offer the simplest explanation.

This relationship is too obvious to draw more than passing comment from the artist. Mr. Brower does believe, however, that less enviable characteristics in children and dogs are temporized by acquaintance with New Hampshire. He has detected the leavening process in himself, and ascribes a "more amiable, more sympathetic viewpoint" on his own part to his airy residence high in the hills.

The success which has attended his facile and rather surprising turnabout in main interest is ably attested in a current exhibition in the State Library in Concord, where his canine portraits have drawn oohs and ahhs from large crowds for several weeks. Many of the elite in New Hampshire dogdom are present, for Mr. Brower's pastels have been the delight of doglovers in the southern part of the state for some time, particularly in the Peterborough area.

Watching the artist at work, with his subject bounding elusively about the studio, is a study in patience and creative discrimination. In his deft strokes an appreciative audience can discern Brower's affirmative answer to the age-old debate as to whether dogs have "souls," for he manages to catch his model's most representative and human mood. A smiling dog is no rare event on the Brower easel.

Even if he were so inclined, the artist could not take himself too seriously. In fact, one of his prettiest stories deals with a nearby farmer who had seen Mr. Brower sketching a handsome hound while it nosed busily through a field. When a customer, dog in car, asked the farmer the way to Brower's studio, he jerked a thumb over his shoulder:

"It's up that way, if it's the dog-drawer you want!"

WAR TALK

We talk, and talk, and talk; our red-hot words
  Are beaten into cannon balls and swords . . .
And presently a million boys lie dead
  With all the words they had to say, unsaid.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

To Our Out-of-State Subscribers: —

We hope you have not overlooked the notice on page 13 of last month's issue and the accompanying post card. After this issue is mailed we shall continue on the mailing list only those who have returned the card or otherwise indicated their desire to continue receiving the Troubadour each month.

It is not possible to acknowledge personally the many messages which have been sent with the cards, but we wish to take this opportunity to thank you all for your friendly, encouraging and, at times, flattering comments, and to express the hope that the Troubadour will always be a welcome visitor.

Donald Tuttle

"Admiral Byrd will take with him over two hundred dogs, secured by Milton Seeley of Wonalancet, when he sails for the Antarctic in October. Mr. Seeley has furnished the dogs for the two previous expeditions, and now that a third is to be made, will again procure the animals that play such an important part in expeditions." Carroll County Independent

Front cover: Phillips Exeter Academy. Back Cover: Stone Pond, Marlboro and Mt. Monadnock. Both pictures by Harold Orne.

Fairs:

Lancaster — September 2, 3 and 4
Plymouth — September 12, 13 and 14
Hopkinton — September 19, 20 and 21
Rochester — September 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30
Deerfield — October 4 and 5
Sandwich — October 12

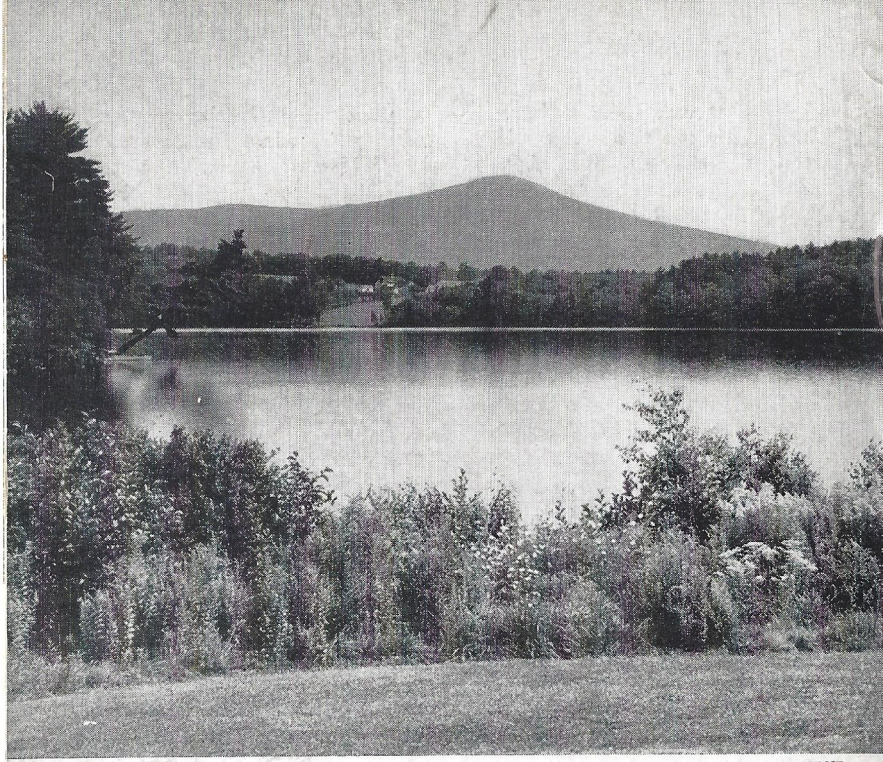
From the Lancaster Tourist Information Booth: "We had a visitor the other day who couldn't speak our language quite as well as he might. He wanted to know where 'de Aerial Rampage' was. We didn't know whether to send him to the Aerial Tramway or on to Concord."

All that remains of a burned building in one of our towns is a portion of the stone front. Across it is stretched a large banner advertising the 1939 Fourth of July Celebration of the local Volunteer Firemen's Association.

Quotation from Clinton I. T. Young: "During the past weekend, while visiting friends in your state, I became acquainted with THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR. It occurred to me that a point worthy of occasional emphasis is that the air is free of grime almost everywhere. In the country and villages, white houses stay white. This may be a small point, but it contributes greatly to the charm of the old architecture and of the countryside as a whole; and I hope that it may be of help to you in your work of bringing the old houses into preserving and appreciative ownerships."

"WANTED — Two housekeepers, middle aged, and seven pairs of blinds 69½ x 17. Box Z, Cabinet Press."

BOUCHARD PHOTOS



HAROLD ORNE

BACK IN TOWN

By ESTELLE M. HART

We look from the same window out toward the evening west,
Where like a glowing lantern the great Arcturus shines;
You see beneath it, house roofs and chimney tops and spires,
I see it slowly sinking behind Monadnock's pines.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.